That were his lackies: I cried hum, and well, go to,
But marke him not a word. O, he is as tedious
As a tyred horſe, a railing wife,
Worſe then a ſmoky houſe: I had rather liue
With cheeſe and garlike in a Windmill far,
Then feede on cates, and haue him talke to me,
In any ſummer-houſe in Chriſtendome.
Mor. In faith he is a worthy Gentleman,
Exceedingly well read and profited
In ſtrange concealments, valiant as a lion,
And wondrous affable, and as bountifull
As mines of India: ſhall I tell you, couſen,
He holds your temper in a high reſpect,
And curbs himſelfe, euen of his naturall ſcope,
When you come croſſe his humor, faith he does:
I warrant you, that man is not aliue,
Might ſo haue tempted him, as you haue done,
Without the taſte of danger and reproofe:
But doe not vſe it oft, let me intreat you.
Wor. In faith, my Lord, you are too wilfull blame,
And ſince your comming hither haue done enough
To put him quite beſide his patience:
You muſt needs learne, Lord, to amend this fault,
Though ſometimes it ſhew greatneſſe, courage, blood,
And that's the deareſt grace it renders you,
Yet oftentimes it doth preſent harſh rage,
Defect of maners, want of gouernment,
Pride, hautineſſe, opinion, and diſdaine,
The leaſt of which, haunting a noble man,
Loſeth mens hearts, and leaues behind a ſtaine
Vpon the beautie of all parts beſides,
Beguiling them of commendation.
Hot. Well, I am ſchoold, good maners be your ſpeed,
Here come our wiues, and let vs take our leaue.
Enter Glendower with the Ladies.
Mor. This is the deadly ſpight that angers me,
My wife can ſpeake no Engliſh, I no Welſh.
Glen. My daughter weepes, ſhee'le not part with you,

Shee'le